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Four inches.....7 50 2/3 of column.....26 00  
Five inches.....8 50 Whole column.....32 00

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Four inches.....8 00 2/3 of column.....28 00  
Five inches.....9 00 Whole column.....34 00

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Four inches.....8 50 2/3 of column.....30 00  
Five inches.....9 50 Whole column.....36 00

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Four inches.....9 00 2/3 of column.....32 00  
Five inches.....10 00 Whole column.....38 00

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Three inches.....8 50 2/3 of column.....27 50  
Four inches.....9 50 2/3 of column.....34 00  
Five inches.....10 50 Whole column.....40 00

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One inch.....\$7 00 Fourth column.....\$19 00  
Two inches.....8 00 Third column.....22 00  
Three inches.....9 00 2/3 of column.....29 00  
Four inches.....10 00 2/3 of column.....36 00  
Five inches.....11 00 Whole column.....42 00

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One inch.....\$7 50 Fourth column.....\$20 00  
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Three inches.....9 50 2/3 of column.....30 50  
Four inches.....10 50 2/3 of column.....38 00  
Five inches.....11 50 Whole column.....44 00

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One inch.....\$8 00 Fourth column.....\$21 00  
Two inches.....9 00 Third column.....24 00  
Three inches.....10 00 2/3 of column.....32 00  
Four inches.....11 00 2/3 of column.....40 00  
Five inches.....12 00 Whole column.....46 00

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One inch.....\$8 50 Fourth column.....\$22 00  
Two inches.....9 50 Third column.....25 00  
Three inches.....10 50 2/3 of column.....33 50  
Four inches.....11 50 2/3 of column.....42 00  
Five inches.....12 50 Whole column.....48 00

FOR EIGHTEEN WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$9 00 Fourth column.....\$23 00  
Two inches.....10 00 Third column.....26 00  
Three inches.....11 00 2/3 of column.....35 00  
Four inches.....12 00 2/3 of column.....44 00  
Five inches.....13 00 Whole column.....50 00

FOR NINETEEN WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$9 50 Fourth column.....\$24 00  
Two inches.....10 50 Third column.....27 00  
Three inches.....11 50 2/3 of column.....36 50  
Four inches.....12 50 2/3 of column.....46 00  
Five inches.....13 50 Whole column.....52 00

FOR TWENTY WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$10 00 Fourth column.....\$25 00  
Two inches.....11 00 Third column.....28 00  
Three inches.....12 00 2/3 of column.....38 00  
Four inches.....13 00 2/3 of column.....48 00  
Five inches.....14 00 Whole column.....54 00

FOR TWENTY-ONE WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$10 50 Fourth column.....\$26 00  
Two inches.....11 50 Third column.....29 00  
Three inches.....12 50 2/3 of column.....39 50  
Four inches.....13 50 2/3 of column.....50 00  
Five inches.....14 50 Whole column.....56 00

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One inch.....\$11 00 Fourth column.....\$27 00  
Two inches.....12 00 Third column.....30 00  
Three inches.....13 00 2/3 of column.....40 50  
Four inches.....14 00 2/3 of column.....52 00  
Five inches.....15 00 Whole column.....58 00

FOR TWENTY-THREE WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$11 50 Fourth column.....\$28 00  
Two inches.....12 50 Third column.....31 00  
Three inches.....13 50 2/3 of column.....41 50  
Four inches.....14 50 2/3 of column.....54 00  
Five inches.....15 50 Whole column.....60 00

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One inch.....\$12 00 Fourth column.....\$29 00  
Two inches.....13 00 Third column.....32 00  
Three inches.....14 00 2/3 of column.....43 00  
Four inches.....15 00 2/3 of column.....56 00  
Five inches.....16 00 Whole column.....62 00

FOR TWENTY-FIVE WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$12 50 Fourth column.....\$30 00  
Two inches.....13 50 Third column.....33 00  
Three inches.....14 50 2/3 of column.....44 50  
Four inches.....15 50 2/3 of column.....58 00  
Five inches.....16 50 Whole column.....64 00

FOR TWENTY-SIX WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$13 00 Fourth column.....\$31 00  
Two inches.....14 00 Third column.....34 00  
Three inches.....15 00 2/3 of column.....46 00  
Four inches.....16 00 2/3 of column.....60 00  
Five inches.....17 00 Whole column.....66 00

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$13 50 Fourth column.....\$32 00  
Two inches.....14 50 Third column.....35 00  
Three inches.....15 50 2/3 of column.....47 50  
Four inches.....16 50 2/3 of column.....62 00  
Five inches.....17 50 Whole column.....68 00

FOR TWENTY-EIGHT WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$14 00 Fourth column.....\$33 00  
Two inches.....15 00 Third column.....36 00  
Three inches.....16 00 2/3 of column.....49 00  
Four inches.....17 00 2/3 of column.....64 00  
Five inches.....18 00 Whole column.....70 00

FOR TWENTY-NINE WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$14 50 Fourth column.....\$34 00  
Two inches.....15 50 Third column.....37 00  
Three inches.....16 50 2/3 of column.....50 50  
Four inches.....17 50 2/3 of column.....66 00  
Five inches.....18 50 Whole column.....72 00

FOR THIRTY WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$15 00 Fourth column.....\$35 00  
Two inches.....16 00 Third column.....38 00  
Three inches.....17 00 2/3 of column.....52 00  
Four inches.....18 00 2/3 of column.....68 00  
Five inches.....19 00 Whole column.....74 00

FOR THIRTY-ONE WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$15 50 Fourth column.....\$36 00  
Two inches.....16 50 Third column.....39 00  
Three inches.....17 50 2/3 of column.....53 50  
Four inches.....18 50 2/3 of column.....70 00  
Five inches.....19 50 Whole column.....76 00

FOR THIRTY-TWO WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$16 00 Fourth column.....\$37 00  
Two inches.....17 00 Third column.....40 00  
Three inches.....18 00 2/3 of column.....55 00  
Four inches.....19 00 2/3 of column.....72 00  
Five inches.....20 00 Whole column.....78 00

FOR THIRTY-THREE WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$16 50 Fourth column.....\$38 00  
Two inches.....17 50 Third column.....41 00  
Three inches.....18 50 2/3 of column.....56 50  
Four inches.....19 50 2/3 of column.....74 00  
Five inches.....20 50 Whole column.....80 00

FOR THIRTY-FOUR WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$17 00 Fourth column.....\$39 00  
Two inches.....18 00 Third column.....42 00  
Three inches.....19 00 2/3 of column.....58 00  
Four inches.....20 00 2/3 of column.....76 00  
Five inches.....21 00 Whole column.....82 00

FOR THIRTY-FIVE WEEKS.  
One inch.....\$17 50 Fourth column.....\$40 00  
Two inches.....18 50 Third column.....43 00  
Three inches.....19 50 2/3 of column.....59 50  
Four inches.....20 50 2/3 of column.....78 00  
Five inches.....21 50 Whole column.....84 00

# THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, ]

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

Established December 15th, 1850.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880.

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## South-Western Stage Robbers Who Temper Business With Courtesy.

[Little Rock Gazette.]

An old-fashioned highway stage robbery occurred last Wednesday between Pearce City, Mo., and Fayetteville, Ark. About eleven o'clock the stage was hailed by two men, and almost simultaneously four others appeared. Leveling a pistol at the driver, one of the robbers exclaimed:

"Hold yourself in readiness to die at any time you make a motion to interfere with us. And you," he continued, addressing a man who was on his way to buy cattle, "may observe the same rule."

Three of the men had turned their attention to the passengers inside the stage. They were several in number, but feeling that resistance would be useless and no doubt dangerous, judging from the extreme liberality with which the robbers presented pistols, the passengers surrendered an aggregate amount of \$2,300. During this financial transaction the cattle man and the driver remained unmolested. The cattle man had \$2,000 and, as he thought, an opportunity, he threw it among the bushes. Shortly afterward he was carefully searched, which encouraged him in the belief that his action had not been noted. The robbers did not disturb the mail or express matter, but, thanking the audience for their kind and polite attention, allowed the stage to proceed. Shortly after the cattle man, accompanied by several friends, went back to the scene of the robbery, but, after instituting a close search, failed to find the \$2,000. It was supposed that the two men who stood guard with shot-guns detected the attempt to conceal the money, and had taken it after the stage had left. The robbers were not disguised, and, from the deliberate manner in which they proceeded to business, it would seem that it was by no means their first financial transaction. This is the first stage robbery of that country—if not the first, one of the first. Every effort will be made to capture the robbers, and if their capture is not effected it will be their fault.

## An Army Adventure.

[October California.]

A battery of the First Artillery halted one night during the seven days' fight in a little clearing. The men lay down, unbiting their horses, but leaving them in harness. The first sergeant, now an honored officer of the Third Artillery, told me he got up and walked toward one side of the clearing. He was halted and turned back by a sentinel. Going toward the other side, he was again challenged:

"Who comes there?"

The voice struck him. He replied, "Friend," and said, "What regiment is that?"

The answer came, "Seventh Alabama."

"What regiment is that on the other side?"

"Fifth Georgia," replied the sentinel. "What battery is that?"

Here was a situation. The sergeant naturally didn't know the name of the battery in the rebel army. Hesitation would have been fatal. By a lucky inspiration he replied: "One of Stuart's batteries," knowing that Jeb Stuart commanded their cavalry.

"Oh," said the other, "then you're a horse battery?"

"Yes," said C—. "Good night."

He immediately awoke the Captain, who rather angrily said: "What the deuce is the matter now?"

"Excuse me, Captain," said the sergeant, "but we've camped between a Georgia and an Alabama regiment."

It is needless to say the Captain got up. Horses were hitched in quietly, and the battery withdrew from between the sleeping regiments, who never knew of the prize that was within their grasp.

## A Monmouth correspondent

wants to know, "Can a woman ride a bicycle?" Can she? Son, you ask questions like a man who is not married. When you hear of anything a woman can do when she makes up her mind that she will do it, let us know. How old, or rather how young are you?

## KILLED BY A MUSTANG.

A Tale Told in a Texas Cow-Boy's Camp.

It was a clear moonlight night when, after a hard day's "drive," and the herd of wild horses had been penned, that the cow-boys stripped their tired ponies of saddles and bridles, and staked them out to graze on the thick mesquit grass which fringed the bank of the San Bernardo.

After this duty had been attended to, the cooking utensils were brought forth and soon the coffee-pot was singing a musical little song, and a leg of fresh calf ribs sputtering before the fire. The repast, though rough, was made enjoyable by an appetite which only violent exercise and pure air can give, and after the boys had eaten until it became necessary to unbutton their six-shooter belts, blankets were spread under the branches of a gigantic live-oak, which seemed to stand guard over the broad expanse of prairie, and they settled down for a quiet smoke.

"I tell you what, boys," said Ned Curtis who was one of the hardest riders and best poker-players west of the Brazos, as he lit a cigarette, "we are going to handle some pretty rough mustangs to-morrow, and if any of you fellows want to show your fancy riding you had better be fixing your flank-girths and rolls, because there are some unbranded four-year-olds in that bunch that are going to make you hum like a churn-dasher, and you'll have to fork 'em deep to stay in the saddle. There is one in the pen that is a perfect picture of the mustang mare that sent Bill Hall to the angels."

"Wasn't he some galoot from the old States?" inquired one of the boys, turning over on his blanket.

"Yes," replied Ned, "he was a long tow-headed chap, greener than an August persimmon, and with legs on him shaped like a pair of hames."

"How did he happen to get killed Ned? Did the mare flit him a little too strong?"

"Yes, that was the way of it. You see he had just come from Georgia, and had never been on the back of a wild horse before in his life, but he was spunky with all that, and wasn't scared of anything. One day while driving out in Nueces county, we made 'round up' of all the horses in the range, and after 'cutting out' all that were in the 'diamond P' brand the boys began throwing some down and riding 'em, just to see the wild devils 'back'."

"Well, Bill Hall took a darned fool notion to ride one himself, and he picked out a little Roman-nosed mustang mare, pure Spanish, and as wild as a cayote, and got some of the boys to help him throw her down, because he didn't know any more about handling a lariat than he did about runnin' a prayer meeting."

"When the saddle had been strapped to her and Bill forked it, she was turned loose, and the crowd stood back to see the fun. Well, sir, that plug raised her head, looked back, bellowed once or twice, and then she lit into the prettiest bucking that I ever looked at. 'Stick to her, Bill,' I yelled, but the only thing he could say was 'Whoa! stop her boys, darn her hide!'

"While he had his knees gripped to her like a vise, and his hair all standing up like a brush heap, the mustang mare stretched herself out like a step-ladder, put her head down between her front legs, and then bringing herself together like a rat trap, she slammed Bill Hall against the ground harder than I ever heard a fellow hit before. When we picked him up one ear was jammed around to the back of his neck, and, from the look on his face, we knew that he wasn't long for this world. He lingered for a day or two, and we did all that we could to ease his pain, but one morning he motioned us to come to him, and as I knelt beside his couch and took his hand in mine he said: 'Boys, I am going to pass in my checks, but I ain't a going to shiver about it, even if I die way out on a prairie, with no one but a few friends around me. I'll have a big bed to rest in, and if some day you ride by my grave won't you get down and think of me awhile?'

"Well, sir, the boys—the on-ary cusses—were crying like women, and I felt terribly shaken myself, but we all promised him that we would, and then he raised himself a little, and in a faint voice said, 'Ned, I want you to write to my mother and tell her I wasn't a very dutiful son, but I loved her just the same.'"

"Ned," he muttered so faintly could hardly hear him, "don't tell my folks when you write that I was slid into heaven by a d—d mustang," and with that his head fell back, his grasp on my hand relaxed, and Bill Hall was on this earth no more, and when I thought how his mother would grieve, it made me feel weak in the knees.

"We buried him, and Jack Jones, who is something of a scholar because he had a chance to go to school down in Bay Prairie, wrote on the head-board of the grave—

"WILLIAM HALL  
—GOT A FALL;  
Killed Dead as a Slug  
By a Texas Plug.  
BORN IN GEORGIA."

"It always makes me feel bad when I think of that poor fellow, and how to-day he sleeps on the bank of the Santa Gertrudes with nothing but a big live-oak to mark his resting-place in the bosom of the prairie. Do any of you fellows want a little draw poker to-night?"

Several did, and 'mid the shuffling of a greasy pack, Bill Hall was soon forgotten.

## Mirror Telegraphy.

The use of the heliograph, which has become so common of late in the operations of the British armies in South Africa and Afghanistan, seems likely to very largely supersede the telegraph by armies in the field. Field telegraphy formed an important feature of the Franco-German campaign, but it is scarcely necessary to say that in the case of the usual telegraphic system, the amount of wire to be carried, the posts, etc., entail a pretty formidable amount of weight for difficult transportation, not to mention the time, short as it seems, taken in setting up the posts—more important still is the necessity of keeping the route open. The heliograph, or mirror telegraph, consists merely of a ten inch mirror with a stand upon which it can swing either vertically or horizontally, and a rod with a movable stud like the "sight" of a rifle. A clear spot is obtained in the center of the mirror through which the operator can look towards the point he desires to signal, and the stud on the rod which is set up in front of the mirror has to be so adjusted that the mirror, the stud, and the distant station are in line. The operator then knows that every time his mirror flashes light on the stud it will be seen at the distant point. He can then telegraph over the heads of the enemy, if necessary, and to a distance of fifty miles. In flat countries, where no elevated point can be obtained whereupon to erect the heliograph stand, we presume stationary balloons could be made to answer the purpose.

## CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

Boiling Water Successfully in a Sheet of Paper.

Nature is publishing a series of attractive articles on "Physics Without Apparatus." In the latest number are given experiments for boiling water and melting lead on a piece of paper. Take a piece of paper and fold it up, as schoolboys do into a square box without a lid. Hang this box to a walking stick by four threads, and support the stick upon books or other convenient props. Then a lamp or taper must be placed under this dainty caldron. In a few minutes the water will boil. The only fear is lest the threads should catch fire and let the water spill into the lamp and over the table. The flame must, therefore, not be too large. The paper does not burn, because it is wet; and even if it resisted the heat imparted to it on one side by the flame would be very rapidly conducted away by the water on the other.

Another experiment of a similar nature, but perhaps even more striking, is as follows: Twist up the edges of a common playing card or other bit of cardboard, so as to fashion it into a light tray. On this tray place a layer of small shots or bits of lead, and heat it over the flame of a lamp. The lead will melt, but the card will not burn. It may be charred a little round the edges, but immediately below the lead it will not be burned, for here again the lead conducts off the heat on one side as fast as it is supplied on the other.

## THE TRANCE-PREACHER.

He Visits a Peculiar Sect in Lancaster County—Efforts to Solve the Mystery.

A representative of the Reading Eagle drove through portions of Lancaster county last week to attend the very strange meetings held by the Amishmen. The correspondent says:

These honest, straight-haired, broad brimmed people are greatly exercised over the advent to this section of one of their brethren from the State of Iowa, a preacher named Noah Troyer, who only delivers addresses when in a somnambulistic state. His fame became known to them through the church organs, and they determined to spare no expense to secure his attendance. He arrived at the Gap a few days ago in company with his wife and two attendants, and was received as the guest of C. L. Kauffman, residing near by. He officiated at a large meeting on Monday night at Mr. Kauffman's residence, and again on Tuesday night at the same place, it being estimated that no less than one thousand persons were present, including members of the denomination from all portions of Lancaster county, as well as from surrounding counties.

At five o'clock in the evening he laid upon a bed, and was soon (apparently) sleeping soundly. After the lapse of about an hour he commenced to pray, and his prayer was admired for its force and the beauty of its rhetoric. At the conclusion of the prayer he leaped from the bed, when he was at once taken care of by his two attendants, who led him through the house and out upon the porch, where he preached to the vast multitude from a text announced as soon as he left the bed. His discourse is represented as being a powerful one, and was delivered partly in German and partly in English. His main effort appeared to be directed toward healing the differences at present existing in the Amish Church, and it is said that he appears to be accomplishing much good. His sermon on Tuesday night occupied nearly two hours in its delivery, and was listened to by a number of the Bishops of the Church in Lancaster county. Dr. A. G. B. Parke, of the Gap, and several other physicians present attempted to solve the mystery of the strange condition in which Mr. Troyer is placed, but without success. The pulse showed no change from the time of lying down to the end of his sermon, and the conclusion of which the speaker awoke, looked about him in a dazed sort of way, and was led off by his attendants. He says in his waking moments that he has no knowledge of what he says while asleep. His attendants say he has preached one hundred and thirty sermons in as many consecutive days.

He has his eyes closed all the time he talks, and occasionally his hands are crossed upon his breast. Some say that he goes into a sort of trance, and that the spirit comes into him and inspires him.

At first I could not believe that the man was actually asleep, but he himself assured me that I could tell all the people through the Eagle that such was the fact. He is a middle-aged man, medium in height, and seems to be very much of a gentleman.

All the Amish people sincerely believe him, and many imagine that he has been specially sent by some unknown power to bring peace, happiness, contentment and blessing upon those who are troubled with discord. All this valley is now stirred up by Troyer's coming. His advent is hailed as the dawning of a new era in the life of the Amish people. Mr. Troyer dresses in the costume of the Amish, and is a quiet, reserved and sincere-looking man. He was first made aware of his power several years ago in the West. He has a splendid physique, or he could not undergo the hard work of the incessant talking that he has done. He speaks loudly, clearly and distinctly, and thus far has made the most satisfactory impression.

## Cheering Intelligence.

[Marshall Gazette.]

The latest and most cheering intelligence from the field is that the Democracy is settling down quietly and surely on the regular nominee of the party in order to prevent a disgraceful defeat by the Republicans.

Vice has more martyrs than virtue.

## Origin of the Horse-Shoe Superstition.

In the early times, says a writer in Baldwin's Monthly, among the Celtic race an effigy of the patron saint, so common in churches and temples, was much used in the dwellings and workshops of the people, as a so-called protection against ill fortune. The "glory" above the head of these figures—which latter was often rudely carved in wood and painted—was represented by a circular piece of polished metal, to convey the effect of the shining halo of nimbus, frequently seen in illustrations of the Virgin and other Scripture subjects. Often this metal nimbus was of semi-circular form; and after the figure itself had disappeared by reason of decay, the nimbus remained and was suspended in some prominent place at the entrance door, or other point commanding view. The effigies in question were not uncommonly seen by the side of the doorway. In course of time the nimbus was much used as a substitute for the latter, and was sold in shops for this purpose. The tradition of good luck as embodied in the horse-shoe theory may thus be easily traced, since it became a common occurrence, in the due course of time, for the faithful adherent in the belief in charms and symbols, to adopt the horse-shoe worn to brightness, in the absence of any other, which he nailed over his cottage-door. Hence a piece of metal of this shape became associated in the common mind with supernatural presence and care, in keeping with the belief attaching to the original figure of the patron saint.

## THE LAPSE OF SUMMER.

Fair days of Summer, lapsing by On Time's swift, airy wing, Your waning moments, as they fly, O'er us their halo fling. Gay season, glorious Summer's reign, Crowned with thy ripened grain, Bright months, when tender Love's train Echoes through charmed space!

The purple songster's requiem Thrills softly Summer's air, 'Tis meet that brighter hopes begem These gala days so rare. The air teems with low insect hum, When dies Summer's last day, While faintest shades the skies illum, Fleck'd by yon cloudlets gray.

Bright Summer-time, thy tender wiles Throw o'er us deepest spell; Fair season, to thy lovely smiles 'Tis sad to say farewell. Glad moments, unto ever kind, Your absence we deplore— 'Mid fading flowers must sit resigned, Since your sweet reign is o'er.

Fair Summer makes her dying plaints, And gently fades away; Sweet Summer, with her mingled scents, Is hasting to decay! 'Tis gone! The Summer-days are done! Pale Autumn fairs the sky, Of her sweet moments, left are none— She ever blooms to die!

## A Bashful Young Man's Escape.

Some people never seem to get the right idea of the subject somehow. They were talking at McAlister's, the other evening, about the sufferings of the poor people turned out of doors by the recent hurricanes in the Southern States, when a bashful young man with a green necktie, who was silently squirming on a straight-backed chair in a corner, was asked how much exposure he thought it was possible for a human being to endure.

"Exposure, mum? Yes, mum. Well, the most terrible instance of exposure that I ever knew was something that happened to myself a few years ago."

"Indeed! I said a young lady. 'Tell us all about it.'"

"Well, you must know that I had a great habit of walking out through the park and strolling on the beach near the Cliff House. One Sunday morning, very early, I was tempted by the extreme heat to slip into the surf and take a bath, which, as there was no one around at that hour, I finally did. Judge of my horror when I came out and found that the tide had risen and carried off my clothes."

"Ahem!" interrupted the hostess. "Won't you try some chocolate, Mr. Skidmore?"

"Thanks—in a minute—just as soon as I finish my story. Yes, every stitch I had in the world was gone—everything except a chest protector, and I was forced to walk into Van Ness avenue, where I lived, with nothing but that between me and the sneers of the heartless world. I'll tell you how I managed. I just tied the pro—"

But just here the ladies faintly, while another, with great tact, sat down at the piano and shrieked "Nancy Lee" at the top of her lungs, under cover of which the dead and wounded were carried off, while the sincere but misguided young man was coaxed into the hall and handed his hat.

## Refusing to Kiss a Girl.

[New York World.]

Barryville, Sullivan County, N. Y., lies opposite Shohola, Penn. Its District school is taught by a young man named Reuben Frazer. George Shik, aged twelve years, was one of his scholars. Shik is a mischievous boy, and the other day he tripped up a girl about his own age as she was passing out of the school-room door. He said it was an accident, but the girl went back and slapped his face. He struck her, and the teacher called him up and flogged him with a stick. Then he was ordered to beg the girl's pardon and shake hands with her. This the boy did. The school-master then said that Shik, to make full amends, must kiss the girl, but this he refused positively to do. His refusal brought him another whipping. Still he said he would not kiss the girl. Then he was flogged for the third time and sent home. Bel